

T H E
A N S W E R
O F
S—R R—D W—Y, Bart.
TO THE EPISTLE OF
L—Y W—Y.

— Uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
Dic quâ Tisiphone, quibus exagitare Colubris? JUVENAL.

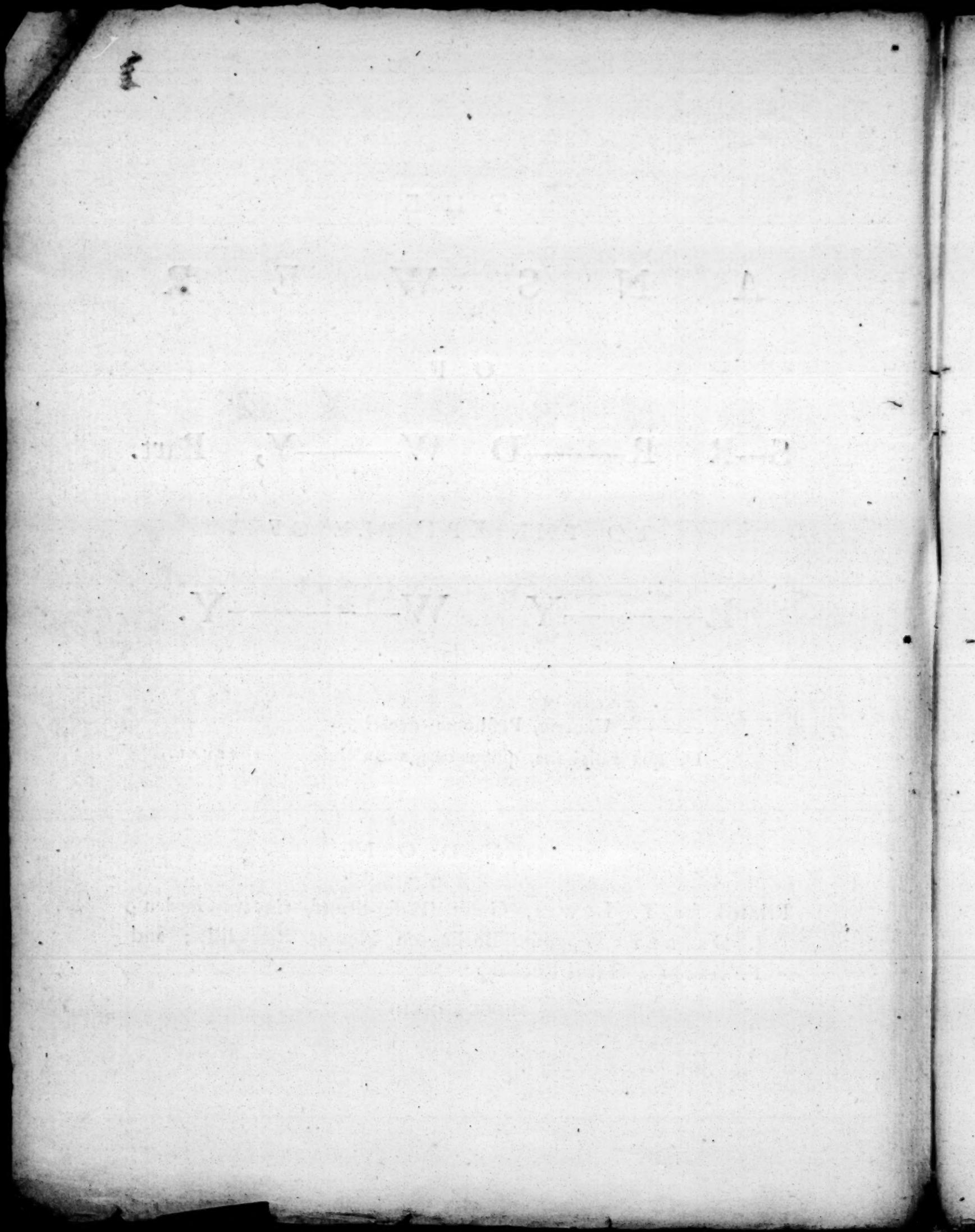


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25.



THE
ANSWER
OF
S—R R—D W—Y, Bart.

O Thou, whom our young nobles hail divine,
Unrivall'd priestess at Priapus' shrine,
Immortal W—y, or if yet more dear
The name of Messalina greet thine ear,

B

Attend,

Attend, and let thy suppliant husband move

Compassion's tear, if not connubial love.

Let B——T fondly clasp thee in his arms,

Pant on thy breast, and riot in thy charms;

Let the whole camp, and Pioneers, and all

Taste thy sweet body, then infatiate call.

The Irish volunteers to grace thy bed,

And add fresh antlers to thy husband's head;

But oh ! forbear t' invoke the sacred Nine !

Wit in each word, and satire in each line ;

Thy pointed numbers fwell our mutual shame,

And damn us both to never dying fame.

The

The Grub-Street Syrens, who so often sing,
The dauntless heroes that at Tyburn swing,
Now strain their hackney'd throats with W——y's name,
And W——y's crimes, and W——y's verse proclaim.

Say, what impassion'd Captain, what fond Lord,
Amongst the numbers that attend thy board,
Taught thee to deal in metaphor and trope,
To rival Prior and to mimic Pope ?
For Lords, though vain of their pre-eminence,
Have small concern with wit, and less with sense ;

And

And Captains, 'tis allow'd, may sometimes fight,
Game, bully, drink, and swear—but never write.

Methinks I now descry thy wanton spark,
Thy Pegasus, a spruce attorney's clerk ;

He pleads the curses of an empty purse,
And pays thy favors, not with gold---but verse.

Oh ! for thy poet's sake, be patient then ;
Ride not so fast, nor “ mar the young clerk's pen ; ”

But send him with the quill behind his ear,
Before his angry master to appear.

Thy

Thy letter to recall in vain I try,
 Since words once past irrevocably fly*.
 What then remains to vindicate my fame,
 And save from Slander's tongue my injur'd name?
 Too late I now complain---the fatal dart
 Grows to my side, and rankles in my heart†.
 The whisper'd tale escapes from ear to ear,
 Lurks in a smile, and wounds me in a sneer.
 Say, coud't thou not clandestinely commit,
 A world of wickedness, and me permit,

* Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum. HOR.

† Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. VIRG.

The destin'd horns, unknowing and unknown,

Like many husbands, to have tamely borne ?

Was't not enough that at a public bar,

My follies reign'd, the food of ev'ry ear ?

That as the leader of the cornute band,

W——y presides, no rival in command ?

That this vain W——m, P——h prove,

And proudly boast thee as the wreck of love ?

Nor these suffice, but wilt thou dare to blame

Me as the author of thy public shame ?

Urge me in print with vaunting terms to shew,

Whence, from what secret impulse it could flow,

That

'That I, th' acknowledg'd guardian of thy fame,

Should, like a pander, prostitute thy name,

And at a public bath in open day,

To the wild gaze of youth thy charms display ?

" What madness, dost thou say, could fire my brain,

" To help a wife to an admiring swain ?"

What madness rather seiz'd me, when I led

Thy virgin footsteps to the nuptial bed ?

The nuptial bed, where first thy powers I try'd,

No wanton thought, no am'rous wish deny'd.

Then death on death in quick succession came,

You each attack receiv'd with double flame ;

And

And oft' intreated to pursue the race,
In vain I gently shunn'd the loath'd embrace.
(O curs'd embrace, be ever curs'd those charms,
That brought thee first a virgin to my arms !)
Again I try'd the combat to sustain,
Then first essay'd, but first essay'd in vain.
Exhausted, spent, unequal to the fight,
I wish'd the morn, and curst the ling'ring night.
Were great Alcides now enjoin'd to prove
With thee the sportive dalliance of love,
Th' athletic son of Jove would soon retreat,
And leave at last one labor incomplete.

E'en

E'en Jove himself with all his boasted pow'r,
" Might rise a swan, or fall a golden show'r,"
Invent new modes his boundless lust to feast,
And change from god to man, from man to beast ;
Still would'st thou tire thro' ev'ry vary'd shape,
Th' immortal ravisher, and bless the rape.

Pity that gods no longer now descend,
Our feeble mortal efforts to befriend ;
Their aid divine would lengthen cuckolds' lives,
GRAHAM would find them beds, and MADAN wives ;
A god-like race, impatient of controul,
Would bear the BRITISH name from pole to pole ;

Like PHILLIP's war-like son, this world would find,

For conq'ring arms, too narrow, too confin'd.

But, sad reverse ! Behold our modern Beaux !

Their worth consists in nothing—but their cloaths.

Shall such vain things, the mushrooms of the day,

With gods presume to vie in am'rous play ?

Say, W——y, are they men ? their looks, their air,

And pretty forms, a doubtful sex declare ;

Nor men, nor women, yet so mix'd together,

Substance and shadow, they are both, yet neither.

Say, thoughtless woman, can such triflers please,

Can they thy boundleſs rage of lust appease ?

Or

Or in thy heart extinguish mad desire ?

(That heart which burns "with more than *Ætna's fire.*")

In vain gay W——M riots in thy love,

In vain thy thirsty paf's'ons D——T prove.

Young P——H came, his talents try'd,

No sooner offer'd, than his efforts dy'd ;

Thy vast abyfs o'erwhelm'd the tender boy,

No fire was left on F——v to employ ;

With thee engaging, his weak flame expir'd,

And once o'ercome, he ne'er again desir'd ;

No further off'rings to thy shrine convey'd,

No further weakness by attempts betray'd.

Had

Had G——M's first to W——M's force been join'd,
Thou *might'ſt* have yielded to their pow'r combin'd ;
Their *pointed efforts might* have cool'd thy flame,
And W——y still enjoy'd a spotleſs name ;
Oh ! had I brought these jointly to my aid,
To B——T never, never hadſt thou stray'd ;
W——y and Co. had then thy joys partook,
W——y and Co. had never been forſook.
But now, what powers can thy keen lust deſtroy,
Calm thy mad wiſhes, or thy paſſions cloy ?
Witness this truth, ye too victor'ous band
Whom am'rous joys and wanton loves command ; Who

Who fondly flutter round the yielding fair,
And wives protect with more than husband's care.

But chiefly ye, who on record betray'd,
How oft' in am'rous dalliance ye laid,

In W——y's arms, o'erwhelm'd with magic love,
(Love, which your efforts never could remove)

This truth attest, that with enjoyment fir'd,
New joys she sought, new pleasures still desir'd.

No more th' illustrious youths, who covet fame,
And claim by noble deeds a deathless name,

Shall, like CORNWALLIS, ev'ry danger scorn,
And with victorious wreaths their brows adorn ;

No more, like RODNEY, peerless honors gain,

And ride triumphant o'er the subject main ;

No more, like Fox, with patriot zeal elate,

Make senates wise, and save a sinking state ;

Each ardent youth by my example led,

Is anxious now an ENGLISH dame to wed ;

More splendid honors deck my greater name,

And point to all an easier path to fame.

He, who of old with love of fame inspir'd,

The gorgeous temple of DIANA fir'd,

Had he now liv'd, would court an ENGLISH dame,

And by his wife immortalize his name.

Let

Let PORTIA proofs of constancy supply,
Let ARRIA teach a husband how to die ;
Our wives, more wife, to all their favors give,
And teach their modern lovers how to live.

Could ridicule, O W——y, touch thy heart,
Would I could find the vulnerable part !
But fruitless is my aim; and vain the toil,
Back on myself the blunted darts recoil ;
Then far asunder as the poles we part,
I hate thy person, as I dread thy heart ;
Infatiate wife (accursed be that name)
Absorb'd in lust, in infamy, and shame ;

W——y

[21]
[16]

W—y go on, indulge thy guilty fires,
New crimes invent, and burn with new desires;
To shock mankind exert thy utmost skill,
And thus be VIRTUE's friend—against thy will.

F I N I S.

